

**Cattle Notes.**  
A fat steer to be made to weigh 4,000 pounds is to be one of the attractions at the world's fair.

About 20,000 head of cattle have been shipped from Lincoln county range, and some have died from shortage of grass and water and still the range is overstocked.

When everyone acknowledges that a well-bred beef animal makes more pounds for the same feed, and sells for more per pound, why do some people keep right along breeding and growing the common ones? This kind of management is a very heavy tax on a man's resources.

There is money in horns, and a cattlemen lately remarked that instead of deborning his cattle he was going to breed them so as to grow long horns. He said that on stepping in a jewelry store and inquiring for a pair of horns the jeweler asked him more for a first-class pair than an ordinary steer is worth.

There are some who claim that there is no longer any money in raising cattle. This is a mistaken idea. There is and always will be a good profit in cattle to those who raise the kind and class the market demands, provided the cattle raisers keep up with the times and handle their cattle and business as they should.

During the last two weeks over 15,000 head of beef cattle have been brought from the mountains to fatten in the alfalfa fields in the Salt River valley preparatory to shipment to California and Eastern markets. The cattle shipments this year will be unusually large, and the wool clip is also surpassing the calculations of the sheepmen.

When shippers learn to send only good cattle to market and to regulate their shipments in keeping with the demands or capacity we may confidently look for a steady and permanent improvement in prices. We may and no doubt will eventually have a good market without these conditions being complied with, but it will be after the cattle now on hand have been sacrificed and the cattlemen have nothing left to ship.

The largest pair of oxen ever raised in Kensington, N. H., was recently sold by H. Rowe, the owner of them. They weighed when dressed almost 2,800 pounds. From one of them 180 pounds of tallow was taken. They were eight years old, and were raised by B. F. Lovering and were sold last year to T. C. Shaw for \$125, who sold them to Mr. Rowe for \$140. Twenty-five years ago such oxen would have brought \$400.

Las Vegas is the most important wool market of New Mexico and the Rocky mountains. There are in the territory about 3,000,000 sheep, and over one-half of them are grazing in the counties directly tributary to Las Vegas. Thus it can be estimated that of the 11,000,000 pounds of wool growing in the territory at least 4,500,000 pounds are handled and marketed in Las Vegas, where prices rule higher than in any other place in New Mexico.

A good cow should not be fat, even when not giving milk. Her sides should appear fat, but rather by the deepness of her body than by its narrowness. Her head should be small, neck thin and fat, and chest deep. In a very young heifer it is impossible to decide what her bag and tent be, but an animal that shows these points is worth saving and trying as a cow. One that has a round body and coarse, bull shaped head will be worth more for beef than for milk.

The Black Hills Stockman, published at Rapid City, S. D., says the beef round-up has commenced in the northern hills and the 150,000 head of cattle that will be shipped out of South Dakota this year has commenced to move. One fact is noticeable and that is that shippers are more conservative than they were last season. They are starting now but the best and then in smaller numbers. This will have the tendency to keep prices better and steadier.

There were a million cattle in Wyoming in 1884. There are now less than half that number. The Northwestern Live Stock Journal says that the ranges of that state are as well set to grass now as they were in the early history of the stockgrowing industry and will supply abundant grazing for 300,000 steers in excess of those now in Wyoming. The Journal goes on to advise cattlemen not to make the mistake of bringing in the cattle, but to put in two-year steers with blood and constitution.

The Papal encyclical on the Columbus celebration directs that on October 12th the mass of the Trinity be celebrated in the Catholic churches of Spain, Italy and America in honor of Columbus. The encyclical also invites the bishops of other nations to say the same mass. The pope says he cannot doubt that Columbus was primarily inspired by the Catholic faith. The difference between him and the illustrious men who before and after him discovered unknown lands was that Columbus was animated by a spirit of religion, which sustained his genius, fortified his constancy and afforded him consolation in his greatest trials.

**Fountain of Forgetfulness.**  
The little spot of green down by the New York postoffice is again the haven of the weary tramp. Hundreds of professional beats, the lazy, the good for nothing, the unfortunate sit there day by day.

If one of them nods, a policeman comes along, taps him on the chin with a stick and orders him to "wake up." If he does not wake him lightning, the copper says very distinctly that the tramp shall "move on." He usually moves, too, for the rules are very strictly enforced.

A pathetic phase of the subject is seen as soon as night sets in—that is, the latter part, after the noise and bustle of the day is ended and silence reigns about the haunts of trade.

There is a little fountain in the middle of the place. The tramps who sit in the little park at night always take seats as near as possible to the fountain. It is a pathetic sight—these old, battered specimens around the fountain. The far off seats are deserted, but to overflowing the fountain are filled to overflowing.

There is something in the splash of the fountain that fascinates the wandering and the homeless. It lulls them, it soothes them, it forgetfulness.—New York Herald.

**RELICS OF DICKENS.**  
MANY QUAIN BUILDINGS MADE FAMOUS BY THE NOVELIST.

Localities Peopled by the Genius of the Master Hand, with Characters That Appeal to All, Are Fast Disappearing from Old London—Black House.

Ever long another of the fast vanishing localities, peopled by the genius of the master novelist with characters more real to us in some respects than their present inhabitants, will be nonexistent. Entering Lincoln's Inn-fields from Great Queen Street, turn to the right, pass at 58, and picture Mr. Tulkinghorn emerging one evening from chambers where "lawyers lie like maggots in nuts." Imagine him walking through the inn, passing beneath its ancient Tudor gateway, and visiting Mr. Snuggly, the law stationer in Cook's court. Curious sight, with a view of ascertaining where Nemo, the mysterious law writer, lives.

A little to the south of Old Buildings, on the west side of Chancery Lane, are Bishop's court and Chichester Rents, the latter approached through a tunnelled passage alongside the London public house. To the Rents came the "two gentlemen, not very neat about the cuffs and buttons," who instituted perquisitions through the court, dived into the Sol's parlor and wrote with ravenous little pens on these papers "those sensation reports of the day, which had just been held at that well known and popular house of entertainment, the Old Sol's Arms."

Sol's is the present Old Ship Tavern. It stands at the head of the court, facing it on one side and the wall of Lincoln's Inn on the other. The side and the end of the court, and on the first floor can still be seen the identical long, low room where the coroner presided, and where little Swilla, the comic vocalist, performed the harmonic meeting his admirable impersonation of that important official.

So far identification is plain sailing. But where was the famous rag and bottle shop, whose gin soaked proprietor died from spontaneous combustion? Mr. Rimmer, in "About London with Dickens," is silent on the subject. The writer of "Dickens' London" thinks it must have stood in Bishop's court, and has for no other reason apparently than the fact of its being "an old, narrow, dreary, decaying and mournful passage, just the place in which such people as the poor law writer and crazy Miss Flite would have made a home."

But a careful study of every allusion made by Dickens to the locality will, I think, show that Mr. Pemberton is probably mistaken. Krook's shop is spoken of as "lying and being in the shadow of the wall"—"blinded by the wall." No house in Bishop's court exactly answers to this description. On the contrary, the only likely one at the corner next to Old Sol's faces an open passageway which leads to New square. Krook's must therefore be sought for at Nos. 8 and 9 in the Rents (now occupied by a law stationer), opposite the Old Ship, fronting the court, the side and the end of the court, and on the first floor can still be seen the identical long, low room where the coroner presided, and where little Swilla, the comic vocalist, performed the harmonic meeting his admirable impersonation of that important official.

Miss Flite, meeting Esther Summerson and the wards in chancery one morning in Old square, invited them to come and see her. She was looking at the old shop, "slipping out at a little side gate," she "stepped most unexpectedly in a narrow back street" (Star yard, leading to Carey street), "part of some courts and lanes immediately outside the wall of the inn," and she was at home. She lodged in a room in a little back street, described as "blinded by the wall of Lincoln's Inn, which intercepted the light within a couple of yards." She lived in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of Lincoln's Inn hall; the new one, be it remembered, for the old hall was destroyed by fire. The view by the tall houses in old buildings.

It is during the visit that the poor little creature draws aside the curtain of the long, low garret window and calls attention to a number of bird cages hanging there, whose occupants Lady Jane, the cat, is fond of striking and, crooning "on the parapet outside for hours and hours." This is conclusive testimony, for no other house in either court—save the Old Ship—possesses an attic with an outside parapet. The windows are mostly dormers, or flush with the wall, while, on the other hand, the windows—except Sol's—can a glimpse of the old hall roof be had. This can readily be tested by standing close to the hall and looking through the trees toward Chichester Rents, where the slated top story and long, low garret window of the rag and bottle shop may be identified.

In a miserable back room on the second floor of this dismal abode Captain Hawdon, alias Nemo, was found dead by Mr. Tulkinghorn and Krook—lying by his own hands from an overdose of opium. "To be hemmed in churchyard, pestiferous and clean, they laid our dear brother here departed and lower him down a foot or two." On the steps leading to this charnelhouse Dame Darden finds her mother, "with one arm creeping around a bar of the iron gate and seeming to embrace it." This spot is rather hard to find, but walk up Catherine street from the Strand, and half way up on the right turn into Russell court leading into Drury Lane, and midway to the left of this passage, is the approach to the "consecrated ground."

The little tunnel of a court is much as it was forty years ago. But the lamp is gone, and the old iron gate is not the one depicted by H. K. Browne. Children now play as best they can on the asphalted surface of the hemmed in area, where once poor old Nemo lay. The remains of the stranger who had been "worry good" to him put into the ground "worry the top."—St. James Gazette.

As long ago as 1866, Behn, a leading German authority, estimated the population of the earth at about 1,400,000,000.

**The Old Woman as an Art Critic.**  
An imposing monument to Max Schneckenburg, the poet who has obtained lasting historical renown by a single song, "Die Wacht am Rhein," was unveiled last week at Tuttingen, in Wurtemberg. He was born in 1819 at the neighboring village of Thalheim, but as this was too insignificant a place for the monument, where few would see it, it was set up in the town of Tuttingen, where the young poet went to school, and whether his corpse was translated from Bayreuth, in Switzerland, about seven years ago.

Several high dignitaries of the king-

dom of Wurtemberg and the grand duchy of Baden were present at the ceremony. Congratulatory telegrams were sent by the Emperor Wilhelm, the king, the grand duke and Prince Bismarck. The literary Grand Duke of Weimar delivered over the monument to the care and charge of the burgo-master and common council of Tuttingen.

But the most striking episode in the proceedings was an impromptu speech made by an old woman. After staring hard at the mother "Germania," whom she took to be a representation of the poet, she shouted out at the top of her voice: "Do you call that Max Schneckenburg? I remember him right well; he did not look in the least like that!"—Stuttgart Tagblatt.

**Thunderstorm Indicator.**  
The signal service station established at Woodlawn park is intended to furnish prompt information of the approach of thunderstorms originating in or crossing New York state. The letter of A. F. Sims, the observer in charge at Albany, explaining the plans of the government, to Judge Hillen, is as follows: "The chief of the weather bureau is desirous of extending the usefulness of the service, and with that end in view proposes to disseminate thunderstorm information by telephone. Arrangements are now being made with the Hudson River Telephone company to handle this information."

Kindly inform me if you will post notices telephoned to you from time to time during the summer months relative to thunderstorms. We find that thunderstorms move across the state, and hope to be able to furnish accurate information relative to their progress.—Saratogian.

**Machine to Relieve Indian Coolies.**  
The poor punka "coolie"—the name has an appropriateness which is in itself refreshing in these days of Indian temperance—is it appears destined to be superseded by a "patent-compressed-air-punka-pulling machine," which has been tried at Fort William and adopted on a large scale. The military authorities have, it is stated, ordered the necessary plant for pulling the whole of the punkas in the Dalhousie barracks, a number exceeding 600. The barracks are divided into three flats, with six rows of punkas in each, and the pullers are destined to be fixed at the end of the rows in such wise that each machine is pulling over fifty punkas.—London News.

**Large Pine Land Sale.**  
The lumber firm of Wright, Davis & Co., of Duluth, has disposed of one of the largest tracts of pine lands ever closed out in the west. Besides being very large, the tract is in the Duluth tract, the firm owned 4,000,000 feet of standing timber on Swan river, a tributary of the Mississippi. This has all been sold to the Pine Tree Lumber company, a Weyerhaeuser concern, for a sum approximating \$1,000,000. The timber will be saved at towns along the Mississippi river above Minneapolis, and this concentrates all Wright, Davis & Co.'s business at Duluth.—Winona (Minn.) Republican.

**Lived for Years in a Hollow Tree.**  
William Spooner, about seventy years of age, died suddenly Saturday at Milan, Tenn. He had gone to a neighbor's house and eaten breakfast, when he dropped dead. For eight years he refused to live in a house, and for a number of years lived in a hollow tree, doing his cooking and washing. He was robbed of several thousand dollars, and this loss probably unbalanced his mind.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**An Entertaining Rosebush.**  
Mr. George B. Carver, of Buffalo, has a rosebush that is given to peculiar freaks. The bush was a white rose tree, ten years ago. For a number of years it bore handsome, large white roses. Then for two years in succession the bush bore both red and white flowers, one branch having white and one red roses. For the past two years the roses have been all white, while this year they are all red.—Buffalo (Me.) Republican-Journal.

**From a Mummy's Hand.**  
Mr. White settled in Riverside about a year ago, coming from England. He brought with him some dried peas taken from the hand of the mummy of an Egyptian princess, an explorer of the ruins of Karnak and supposed to be 3,042 years old. The peas were planted by Mr. White and, strangely enough, have grown and produced a crop of unusual magnitude.—San Francisco Examiner.

**Taking Care of the Files.**  
A Saco (Me.) man put screens on his doors and windows to keep his flies in. He was in the habit of looking out, and he doesn't want them associating with the gamins on the street and losing their manners.—Bangor Commercial.

**Mr. Flimand, who has been studying the inscribed stones in the southeastern part of Africa, has found rocks upon which men, women and children, who were evidently prehistoric, are represented.**

Oscar Wilde is said to be deep in the development of a new flower, a golden veined tulip, which he declares to be "a triumph of classic horticulture."

There were seventeen young men in the graduating class at Harvard who failed to get their degrees this year.

**A Stone That Gets Stepped On.**  
Hundreds of the Christian Endeavor maidens visited Wall street while their convention was being held. They appeared there in a bewildering variety of colors—in pink, lavender, green, blue, scarlet and white. They crowded into the galleries of the exchanges, peered into the hallways of the big office buildings and wandered through Trinity churchyard. Of course not one of them missed the gratification of standing on the carpet of brownstone which lies in the pedestal of the Washington statue in front of the subway building. This slab is supposed to be the identical piece of stone upon which George Washington stood when he first took the oath of office as president of the United States.

It is one of the "highlights" of Wall street, and no woman ever leaves it without touching it with her foot, so that she may be able to say that she has stood where Washington once stood. The venerable little man who sells newspapers at this spot is interested in the watch of that brown slab over the corner where the statue stands, and he is willing to make an affidavit that not one woman out of a hundred who visits the spot goes away without standing on the historic stone.—New York Times.

**She Would Not Pay for the Dance.**  
When a youthful admirer clerk gets up a ball which "is not a success," and induces a young lady to go to it, ought the young lady's parents to pay for the ticket? Out of this difficult ethical problem there sprang a feud which has carried tannol, confusion and violence into the usually tranquil neighborhood of the Elham road, Kensington.

The scholastic official already referred to appeared with much the idea that ball tickets which were not bought to be paid for. He accordingly called at the Elham Road House, where resided a Mrs. Mappin, and asked to see Mrs. Mappin. He was received on the doorstep by two young Mappins, who apparently were expecting him, and was informed the lady he desired to see was "not at home."

What immediately followed is a matter of dispute, but at all events there can be no doubt that the debt collecting clerk speedily found himself hustled down the steps and into the road. As the ball itself had failed, one of the Mappins tried to make up for it by a dance on the pavement, with the clerk as an unwilling partner. He has been bound over to keep the peace, and it is truly deplorable to find so little harmony prevailing in connection with such a subject as dance music. The "light fantastic toe" should never be employed to kick even an unwelcome caller down the front steps.—London Telegraph.

**A Substitute for Kissing.**  
To some members of the community it may be a shock to learn that kissing is deemed. Fashion in the shape of the New York woman, has decided that it is high time to abolish the custom among women, and it is only a matter of time before the humblest and the most gushing among them must yield. For some time past there has been a lack of the indiscriminate embracing public for which we were once criticized, but now the fine de siècle woman is carrying the reform into her home. Even in solitude she does not kiss her friend.

There is, however, a very pretty substitute for the tabular embrace. Mrs. Manhattan now gives Miss Murray Hill a gentle pat on the shoulder and murmurs, "Consider yourself kissed," and Miss Murray Hill then trips thankfully away with the sentiment in her heart, and what is much more important to her with her vest and bag in good order and in the right place.—New York World.

**A Fish Caught His Toe.**  
A most singular accident befell A. M. Moore on the Fourth of July at Eagle Lake, I. T. Mr. Moore, with a party to the lake, went into camp on the lake on the evening of the 3d. In the morning Moore, with his fishing pole, waded out to a log on the lake, where he sat down. He was barefooted. While moving his left foot to and fro in the water a large fish, supposed to be a black bass, made a sudden lunge and grabbed the toe in its mouth, sinking the teeth into the flesh to the bone.

Moore rolled from the log into the water, which was waist deep. He waded to the shore, the bass still clinging to the toe. In shallow water Moore gathered the fish and pried open the mouth, the fish occupying the toe in the lake. The toe is so badly lacerated that Moore is unable to walk and the member will probably have to be amputated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**The Attorneys Are Angry.**  
He was an undersized, meek looking man, and was brought up before the United States commissioners at Atoka, I. T., charged with horse stealing. He had several horses, but no money, and the top of the brightest of Atoka's lawyers offered to help him out of his trouble, partly from sympathy. The case against him looked strong, but his meek appearance seemed to offset the evidence and he was acquitted.

He gave to each of the lawyers one of his ponies as pay for their services. The lawyers put them out to pasture. The same night the little man stole back the horses and skipped from the vicinity. The lawyers who proved he couldn't steal a horse are now after him with a warrant, and the citizens want to subscribe a fund to go with the warrant.—Chicago News.

**The Camerist and the Squaw.**  
A Presbyterian divine recently visited this city only to have a somewhat startling experience. While near the Union station he thought it would be a fine thing to show his kodak at a Union square, but when the squaw saw the kodak pointed toward her she thought she was being bewitched, and pulling a large knife from under her dress she made a desperate lunge for the divine. He saw what was coming, and dropped the kodak in his fright and made a very undignified dive for the other side of the street. The squaw captured the witch instrument, and after demolishing it replaced her knife with a satisfactory grunt and marched triumphantly away.—Denver News.

**Pleasures of Life in Kansas.**  
A big swarm of bees has found a comfortable lodging between the ceiling and second floor of the kitchen of Harrell's house, in Naron township. Mr. Harrell has quietly run a tube up through the ceiling and tapped the store of honey for table use. The flow of honey is regulated right at the table with an ordinary spigot.—Preston Plains Dealer.

**An Added Horror.**  
An Leipzig (Me.) clergyman, who lost \$800 by leaving it on a railroad train, has an added chill every time he thinks of the finder spending a fifty cent piece minted in 1830. It is worth seventy-five dollars.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Photographs of the Sultan's Arabs.**  
Abdullah Bros., photographers to his imperial majesty the sultan, are now taking views of the Arab horses in the imperial stables. These photographs will be placed in an album and sent to the Chicago fair.—Levant Herald.

**Two Weddings.**  
There were two weddings amid unusual surroundings in Colorado a few days ago. The second was an attempt to go one better on the first for novelty and romance, and it would not be surprising if a third should occur soon to cap the climax. The first couple were married on the summit of Pike's peak, the idea maybe being to get as near heaven as possible in the blissful event and perhaps to display an order of love that the climate above the snow line could not chill.

The second couple, George F. Schatz and Miss Emma Thompson, were mar-

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ried in the weird and beautiful ritual chamber of the Cave of the Winds at Manitou. The wedding party of the romantic pair, comprising the parson and a number of friends, was driven to Williams canon and climbed the rocky trail into the cave, where the ceremony was performed.—Exchange.

**The Ant Pest.**  
Having had years of torment with ants, both black and red, we lighted upon the following remedy, which with us has worked like magic: One spoonful tartar emetic, one spoonful of sugar, mixed into a thin sirup. As it evaporates or is carried off, add ingredients as needed. A sicker lot of pests would be hard to find. Whether they impart the results to the home firm or whether all are killed, I know not. Certain it is they do not pay as a second visit.

For ants on the lawn, a spoonful of paris green, cut with alcohol and made into sirup with sugar and water, can be placed on pieces of glass or crockery—cover from domestic pets—and the slaughter will be satisfactory.—Cor. New York Observer.

**A Terrible Accident.**  
A terribly fatal accident destroyed a whole family at Coburg, Germany. Father, mother and two sons were occupied in cleaning out a cesspool, so deep that they could not get in without a ladder. Suddenly the father, standing on the ladder, became unconscious and fell. His son hastened down to rescue him and fell also. The same happened to the second son, and the mother, seeing her whole family in the pool, also went to try and fetch them out. She had hardly stepped upon the ladder when the poisonous gas rendered her also unconscious and she fell down. When it was possible to take them out all four were dead.—Chicago Herald.

**Not Two Prices.**  
Husband—Seems to me you paid two prices for everything you bought this morning.  
Wife—Indeed I didn't. I went to the one price store.—New York Weekly.

**Arrested—**  
The progress of Consumption. In all its earlier stages it can be cured. It is a scrofulous affection of the lungs—a blood taint—and, as in every other form of scrofula, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a certain remedy. It is the time to take it. It purifies the blood—that's the secret. Nothing else acts like it. It is the most potent strength-restorer, blood-cleaner, and flesh-builder known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all lingering Coughs, it is a remedy that's guaranteed, in every case, to benefit. If it doesn't, the money is returned. In other words, it's sold on trial. The dealer is thinking of his profit, not of yours, when he urges something else. Judge for yourself which is likely to be the better medicine.

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